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George Washington's Birthday Once More

We Have Traveled a Long Way From George and His
Ideas; the American Eagle Roosts a Long
Way From Home.

If through a miracle he could have lived until today, George Washington would be 187 years old. What do you suppose he would think about this nation? What would be his feelings as he read about "American troops fighting in northern Russia, fleeing through the swamps in the neighborhood of Archangel?" What would he think when he read "American Soldiers on Guard in Berlin?" What would he think of the proposition to keep 600,000 American soldiers on the Rhine?

He would say to himself, probably, "Either I am a very old-fashioned colonial gentleman, fallen far behind the times, or this gigantic country that I nursed as a baby is taking some pretty serious chances."

If we could preserve our statesmen, the few that we have alive, as the Egyptians preserved their dead, how interesting it would be to get the views of George Washington now, read to him some of his ancient statements about "Avoiding Entangling Foreign Alliances," and ask him what he thought of America today, and of the American Eagle perching in Paris, Berlin, London, Russia, Turkey, and all over the globe.

Would he say, "Call the bird home and attend to your business here or you will get into trouble?" Or would he say, "My wisdom was for my age. Your wisdom is for yours. The wisdom of today may be the folly of tomorrow. Go as far as you like, become benevolent proctors of Central Africa and the Tse-Tse Fly, if you want to. But for heaven's sake be careful, and remember, at least, that I warned you."

If Washington could come back he would be interested in many things. Called to the telephone and told to "hold the wire, Chicago wants you," he would ask: "Where is Chicago, and what is this I have in my hand?" He would turn to the newspapers and read the attacks on Woodrow Wilson. They would make him feel more at home. He would remember days when everybody was attacking him, some calling him a thief, the least accusation against him being that he was going to make himself king.

We know now that the slanders aimed at Washington simply did for his reputation what the polishing machine does for the diamond.

We know those that slandered him live in history only because they did attack him. They live only because they threw mud at the best man the country produced, at the man of whom Bancroft truly says: "But for him the country could not have achieved its independence; but for him it could not have formed its union; and now, but for him, it could not have kept the country in successful motion."

This nation owes to George Washington whatever a grateful son owes to his mother. This nation owed its birth to Washington. He took care of it when it was too feeble to take care of itself; his courage and integrity carried it, guided it, and guide it still. Lucky the man who has a good mother to inspire and direct him.

Lucky the nation that has such a man as George Washington for a father.

Once more, on this day while we praise Washington and express great feeling to him, let us remember the mother who created him. If he is the father of his country, then Mary Ball Washington, second wife of Augustine Washington, is the grandmother of the country. Honor your grandmother.

It used to be the habit in olden days to look at the picture and talk about it without mentioning the artist. She, a poor thing that nobody paid any attention to.

Now we talk more about the artist than we do about the picture.

Still, we have the habit of talking about the man, praising him and forgetting all about the woman who created him.

We look upon her as a poor thing, hardly worth mentioning. It is about time to give honor to the woman who creates a great man as we honor the artists who create the great pictures.

Without Mary Ball there would not have been any George Washington. And without George Washington there would not have been any United States of America.

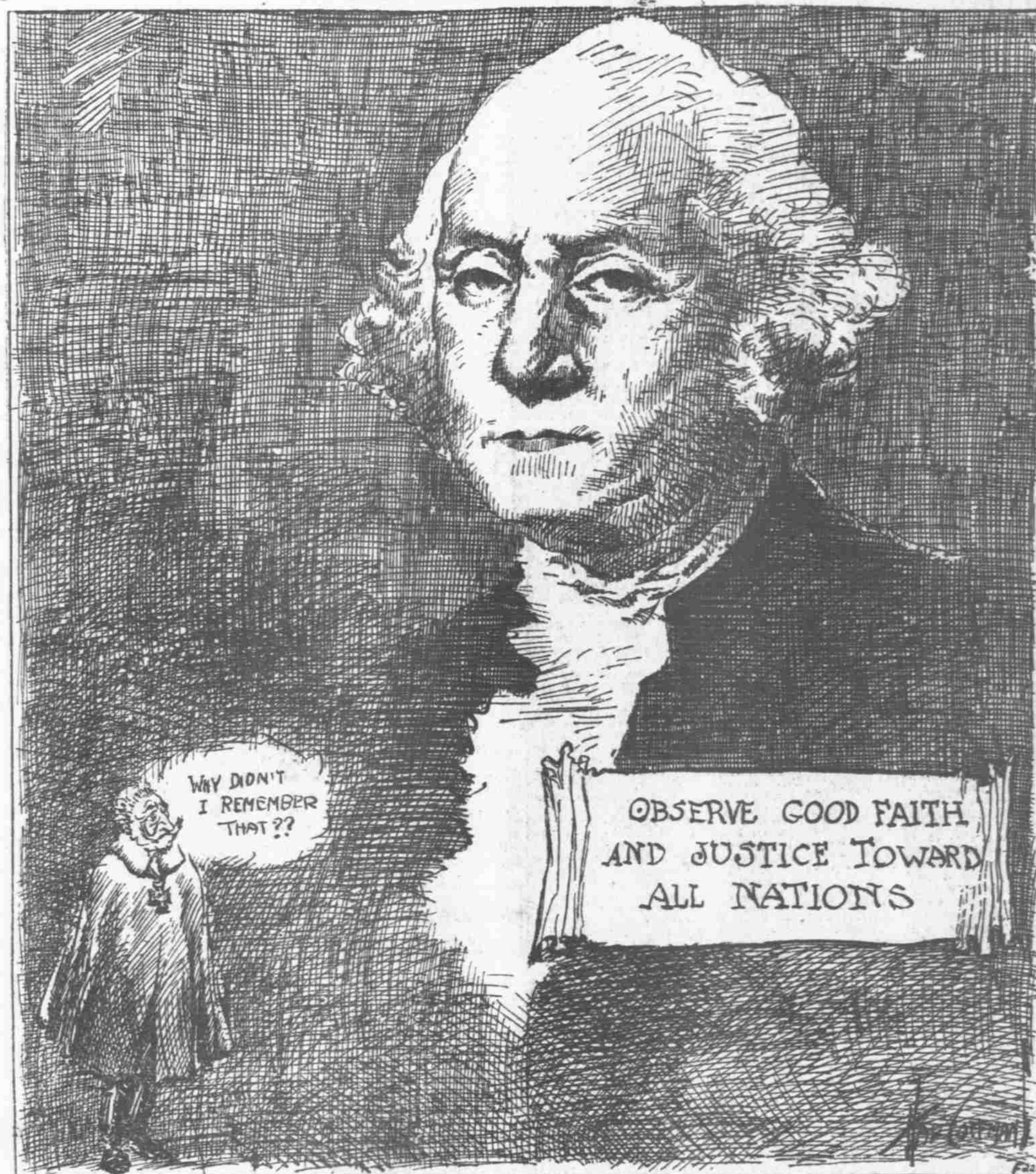
It was Mary Ball who gave Washington his big body, his wonderful constitution, his huge feet and hands, his chest as big around as that of a Shetland pony, his courage, and patience.

And it was she also who taught the boy. His father died when he was eleven years old. And the mind of George Washington was the product of his mother's teaching, just as the body of George Washington was the product of his mother's own body.

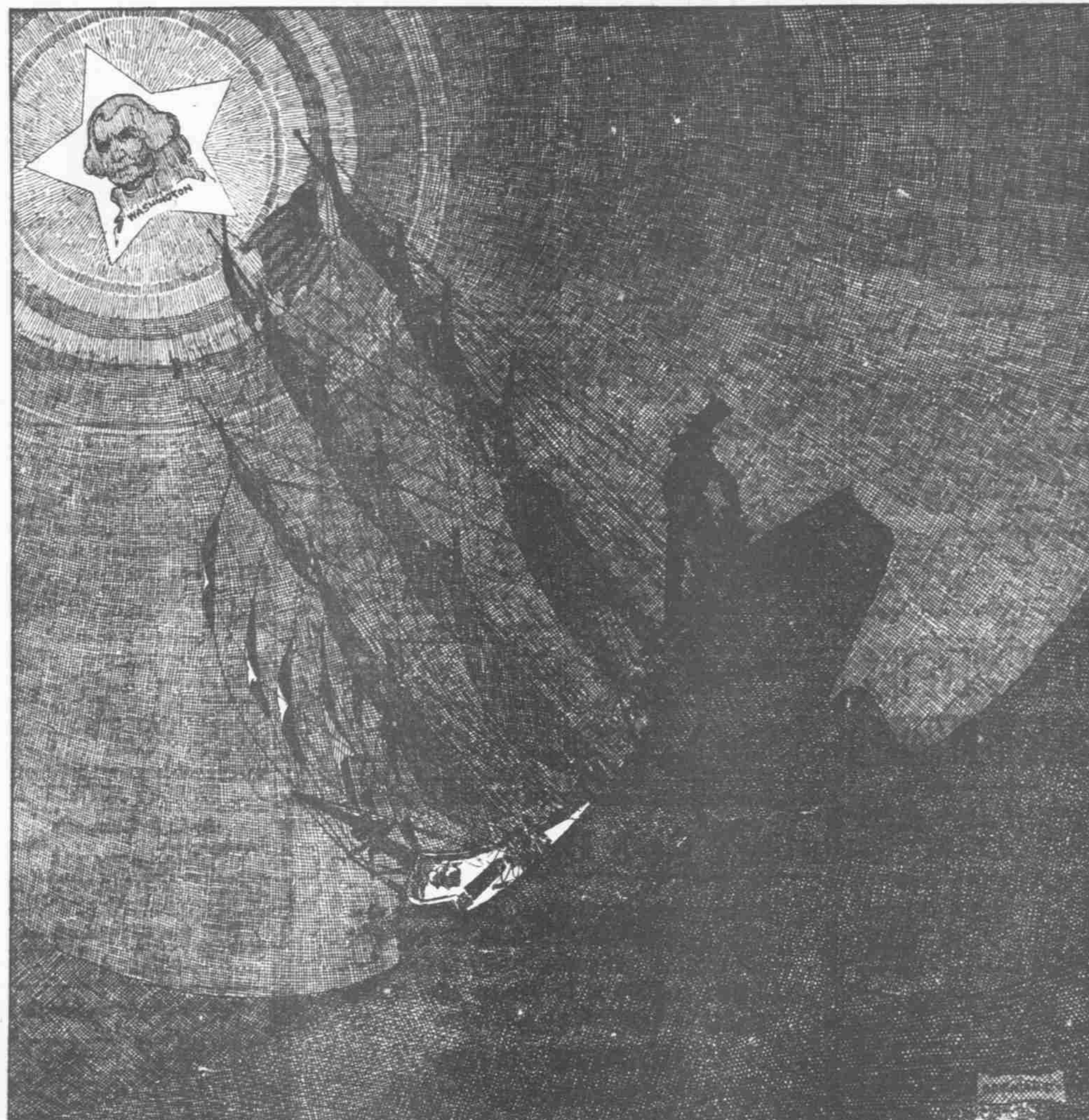
We have printed in the United States millions of pictures of George Washington, and he deserves them all. But we have not even the faintest idea of what his mother looked like. No picture of her at all, and that is really a joke on the human race, which prizes the product and forgets the producer.

You see the world and this country of ours as it stands now, 187 years after the birth of Washington, who led a
(Continue in Last Column.)

Lest WE Forget



The Nation's Guiding Star



Guided by the example and the wisdom of Washington, this nation cannot go astray. For he is the North Star of American patriotism, the guiding star of political national wisdom. All will be well while we steer in the direction upon which he started us. He was the compass of the American ship while alive. He is the guiding Polar Star of the ship now that he is dead. The wise captain does not lose sight of the North Star if he can help it. (See Editorial.)

Three Trade Bodies, and Not One With Up-to-Date Trade Information

By EARL GODWIN.

There are three trade bodies in Washington, and not one of them has any up-to-date information of interest to an outsider who seeks data on Washington as a trade or manufacturing center.

That statement is made after a request at the offices of each of the trade bodies.

I trust that merely the presentation of this astonishing fact will awaken the BUSINESS men of the National Capital to the fact that they will never make Washington known as a business center until they advertise it just as well as they advertise their own business.

I entered a banker's office a few days ago and fell into conversation with him. He complained, and justly, that there had been too much said about "beautiful Washington" to the exclusion of "business Washington." He said the newspapers had not said enough about Washington's commercial assets, its location on a fine watercourse, its railroad advantages.

What, I ask, does this banker think of the trade bodies here which cannot answer TODAY'S query about TODAY'S needs in a business way?

We do a lot of work, we members of these trade bodies, but I believe we don't do enough work in the missionary line. Let's get together and have ONE smashing big trade organization and boost Washington right, so that some one else besides ourselves hears about the commercial possibilities of the city.

HEARD AND SEEN

I have here another list of subscribers to the BETTY LEHMANN flag fund.

Among them are MISS MARY MONAHAN, DR. VANDERVEER CUSTIS, and E. PATRICK BRENNAN.

BYFORD E. LONG subscribes to the flag in memory of his friend, CAPTAIN DAVIDSON.

N. A. FERRY is another subscriber, and BETTY gave to me a list including CHARLES BECKER, MR. SHROUT, MR. MEADOWS, MR. SHANHAN, MR. DALWICK, MR. BRADLEY, NORA HICKEY, DORA JONES, and CECIL D. GREGG, St. Louis, Mo.

The BETTY LEHMANN flag is a white banner with a great gold star and over the star the words "The Boys We Left Behind." It will be carried by wounded men, decorated for bravery, and preceded in the parade by riders on horses. It will be the ONLY thing in the victory parade to commemorate the men who died. It is not yet paid for. Haven't you a friend who died for whom you could subscribe?

Spending a Holiday.

Because I have been spending a lot of time on the job lately I just laid off at noon yesterday, closed up the desk and left BILL PRICE hammering the tar out of a typewriter.

Went around and had a bully lunch with HERMAN GASCHÉ and his friend BEN ROSENFELD. Capt. A. A. THOMAS dropped in for a few minutes and we chatted and talked about this, that and the other thing, and then I rushed down to HARRY RIPLEY'S playhouse, the National Theater, where the Actor's Fund Benefit was being given. I was taking "MOM," as us boys called our esteemed mother, who even yet likes a touch of sporting life, matinees, et cet.

BOB DUGAN was in the lobby and a sweet young thing from a musical comedy held us up and made us pay a dollar apiece for programs.

That was a good show the actor fund folks gave, all the money going to the charity fund supports. In fact, FLORENCE NASH (who seemed peeved because the audience wasn't larger) said that there was no rake-off anywhere. When you give a dollar for the charity the actors' fund gets 100 cents, which is more than SOME alleged charities I know of.

Well, there were a lot of good scouts in the audience, including the naval veteran Paymaster MERCER

VERNON, and ex-marine KEMPER COWING and ERNE WALKER, the REV. HERBERT SCOTT SMITH, and EARL DORSEY, and others.

DANIEL FROHMAN was there and his pants are baggy.

When the show was over I rushed back to my office and found that BEATRICE FAIRFAX had been in and opened that voluminous mail of hers and scattered envelopes all over the floor.

And then I went on home and got all dolled up and went to SENATOR SAULSBURY'S house to dinner and had a good time.

After which, nothing to do until this a. m.

When I was hustling down town the other day, I stopped and had a chat about Bolshevism and other things with ANDREW DUVALL, who had just been buying an armful of newspapers.

It would have been a real pleasure to listen more to Andy's wisdom, but he was taking a chance by traveling to Mt. Pleasant on a Mt. Pleasant car, so I continued afoot down the street until FELIX MAHONY, wrapped in a white sweater, came northward and induced me to visit an artist's studio up an alley, near Eighteenth and M streets.

This studio is the loft of a former stable. The only thing stabled there now is a quarter of a cord of fire wood and a delivery truck of a flower shop. On the wall are two pictures of horses painted by some one years ago, looking for all the world like the famous archaeological pictures of horses in some of the prehistoric caves of France.

Upstairs, where they used to keep hay, these young artists have their atelier. JERRY FARNSWORTH hangs out there. So do HAYNE, RANN, and UHLER. (Artists don't have to have any first names.) Also COURTNEY ALLEN and JANOF AND JANKE.

JERRY FARNSWORTH wants to know why FELIX MAHONY wears that old green felt hat of his with the bow in front. Felix will not tell.

All these young artists need to be Parisians is a bottle of claret and the smell of herring.

I'll provide the herrings if—

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY ONCE MORE. (Continued From First Column.)

small people in rebellion against overwhelming power and led successfully.

You see the changes that have come, our nation spreading from one ocean to another, leaping both oceans with its armed forces, fighting in Europe for France, the friend that fought for us, and for England, against whom George Washington fought.

You see the United States, which in Washington's time were a little group of colonies content to maintain independence on the edge of the ocean, now represented in Paris by Washington's successor, deliberating a plan to regulate the whole world for all time.

What will the successive birthdays of George Washington bring forth, one year, a hundred years, and a thousand years from now? One thing is sure. They will develop no man of stronger character, of loftier purpose than Washington, none that more faithfully served or unselfishly served the nation that he created.

Honor him on his birthday and teach your children to honor him.